

THE UNLUCKY NUMBER.



"The way Belle is encouraging that two-headed museum freak is most disgusting."
"Don't be hard on the dear girl. She has been engaged to twelve men, and wants to skip the thirteenth."

Loved and Lost.

Oh, I wuz a gawk, a noodle—
Wuz a big sick-livered lout!
Gee! I'd ought to have my thought tank
Snipped off short and kicked about!
If I wuz n't so religious
I'd—b'gosh, I'd cuss right out!

Month ago, I brought my girrl
Home with me to Sunday dinner;
Thump me sick, if Jeff, my brother,
Didn't start right in to win her—
Went right in to sneak her from me—
Did, ez sure ez man's a sinner!

He—he took her home that evenin'
Courtin' follered strong and hot!
Yisterdy they driv to Grassville,
There a parson tied the knot!
Gee! I'll bet I'm ten times madder'n
Water b'llin' in a pot!

I'd have died without a murmur
Or a moan fer Linda Lee;
n't because she shook me
That this madness clings to me;
'Tis because Jeff done the milkin';
Now I've got to do it. See?

RECKLESS EXTRAVAGANCE.



KIND PARTY—If I give you this nickel, what will you do with it?
TATTERS (sarcasically)—I'll be honest wid you, boss. I'll spend it in riotous living."

His Identity.

"I understand, Colonel," remarked the inquiring tourist from the North, addressing the prominent son of the Dark and Bloody Ground, "that there is said to be a raving maniac running at large in the forest in this vicinity."

"Well, suh," replied Colonel Corkright, "a dastardly scoundrel of a travelling hypnotizuh came along and gave an exhibition in the Cou't House night befo' last, and in the cou'se of the evening he hypnotized Majuh Bludsoe, one of our most influential citizens, and while he had him unduh his control he made the Majuh drink a glass of watur, suh, telling him that it was twenty-year-old Bou'bon whis-key. The diabolical dose had such an awful effect upon the victim—a good deal like hydrophobia, only a heap w'ose—that the hypnotizuh became

frightened at what he had done and fled to the woods, leaving the Majuh going from one paroxysm to another.

"It took two doctuhls all the rest of the night and half of the next day to resto' the Majuh to a cleah undhstanding of the infuhnal outrage which had been puhpetrated on him, and when he came to himself at last he drew his revolvuh and plunged into the woods, swearing by the ghost of the illustrious Henry Clay that he would neithur eat nor sleep till he had avenged the wrong. And I judge, suh, that the repo't you have heard about a maniac in the woods was stahled by some stranguh who had caught a glimpse of the Majuh."

Slightly Mixed.

"Where is the brow of the ship?" she asked.
"On the for'd side, I s'pose," said the sailor, without even a smile.

Her Call.

She called me—oh, what music sweet
Those liquid tones from lips half parted!
She called me—how my heart did beat!
What happy thoughts and visions started!

Swift were the visions—swift and sad,
I caught one glimpse of laughing faces—
She called me—Gee! but I was mad—
I held four kings and she four aces!

Came in a Cab.

"I was driven to drink," he said.
The crowd looked at him pityingly, and finally the bartender asked how it happened.
"I wanted one bad," he said, "so I came here in a cab."

Unfamiliar with the Language.

GENIAL CUSTOMER (to bootblack)—Well, Tony, do you think it's going to rain to-day, or snow, or be a fine day, or what?
BOOTBLACK—I hope-a so.

THE EARLY BIRD.



"Johnny! Johnny!" cried the school mistress indignantly upon discovering young John Thickett methodically kicking little Clarence Callipers across the playground in the general direction of Lake Titicaca; "stop that this minute! What has Clarence been doing to you, that you should mistreat him in that brutal manner?"

"Nothing, ma'am," replied Johnny, in a matter-of-fact way, "but he told me that a phrenologist once examined his head and said that he'd be sure to be President some day, and if he is I just want to be able to say that I once kicked the President of the United States."

Grounds for Divorce.

MR. HONEYMOON—My wife has commenced to use Indian clubs.

MR. LONGWED—Well, if my wife used anything heavier than a rolling pin or broomstick I'd get a divorce blamed quick!

A Suggestion.

HE—I never know how to take you.

SHE—What's the matter with the Episcopal service?



How he caught on.

A Shattered Practice.

"Yes," remarked Mrs. Mallard, "I have quite decided not to go to Dr. Bottles any more. He was always an excellent young man, but there has been an abrupt change in him lately, and I fear I must consult some other physician."

"What's the matter with Dr. Bottles?" asked her friend interestedly. "Is he too young?"

"Oh, no. He is quite a young man, comparatively, but not too much so. Bellevue, you know, and all that. When he settled in our neighborhood about five years ago he began to build up a practice in a marvellously short time. Why, he pulled Jack through that terrible illness after old Dr. Lansitt had said he must tell me the worst, and he has been equally successful with other cases. Well, a year or so ago he went and got married, and—"

"Ah ha, I see," said the other smilingly. "His wife has made all the trouble with his patients. She's jealous, of course, of everybody, and she causes scenes. I know."

"Indeed, you are quite wrong, my dear," said Mrs. Mallard. "His wife is a sweet girl, and all that could be desired for a doctor's wife. But they have a baby, you know, and now when people go to him for advice or treatment they have to sit there and listen to the wonderful things that baby says and does. Why, my dear, if you'll believe me, there was a woman who was thrown out of a carriage and brought in to him the other day in a half fainting condition, and instead of giving her something he

went off on a long string about a bright saying his baby had gotten off that morning, and she nearly died right there in his office. Yes, he's an excellent young man, but patients have rights, you know."

The Difference.

MRS. TIFF (reading)—Princess Maud gives her husband an hour's lesson every morning in the English language.

MR. TIFF—I am a little different from the Prince.

MRS. TIFF—How so?

MR. TIFF—I receive my hour's language from my wife at night.

QUICK ACTION ASSURED.



TENDERFOOT (anxiously)—Is that man trying to kill the bartender?
MOCCASIN MATT—Naw; jest shakin' 'im fer th' drinks.

Second Hand.

She playfully lighted his last cigarette,
To see if she could, don't you know?
And then for a moment their lips softly met
With a smoke cloud above and below.

She puffed for a moment in innocent joy—
'Twas strange, but she did not once choke—
And the kisses she gave to her "dear, darling boy"
Was all that he got of the smoke.

Moderation.

JONES—Then you don't drink during business hours. I'm glad to hear that.

WRAGGLES—No, sir. Yer see I has no business hours.

Too Much Bother.

LITTLE MAY—How many times have you been married, mamma?

CHICAGO MAMMA—Oh, I can't remember now. Just look up my divorce records and add one.

The Summer Girl from Boston.

He loved her with a passion grand;
Of that there was no doubt;

But when he asked her for her hand
She frowned and froze him out.

THE GLAD HAND.



CHIMMIE (mysteriously): "Sh-h-h! Don't say a word! Fer only a measley quarter I'll show yer d' great Masonic grip—d' secret uv d' agel!"



"I'll show yer in dis basket so's no one kin see us. It's a regular snap! Ketch on?"